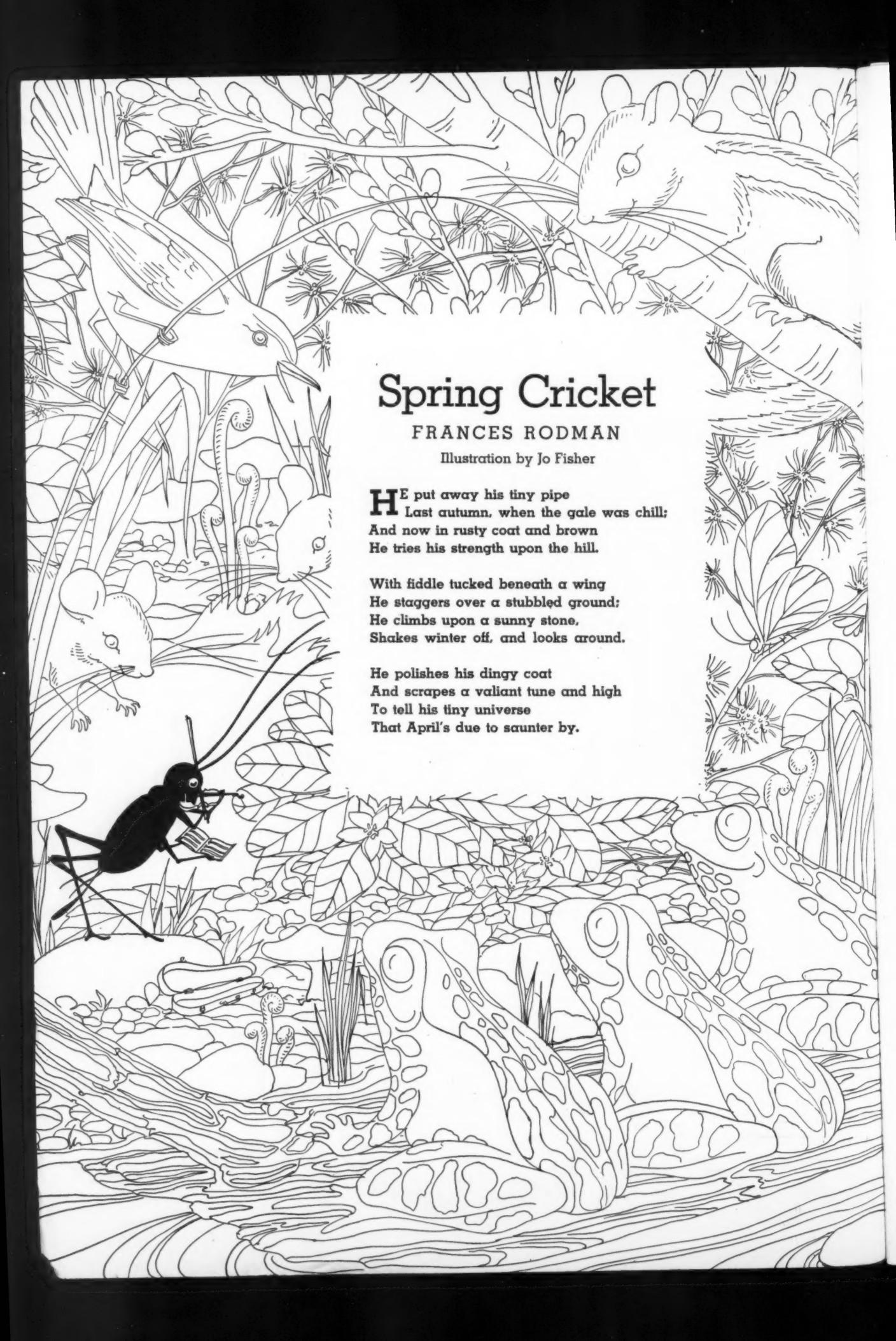


American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

April 1947





Spring Cricket

FRANCES RODMAN

Illustration by Jo Fisher

HE put away his tiny pipe
Last autumn, when the gale was chill;
And now in rusty coat and brown
He tries his strength upon the hill.

With fiddle tucked beneath a wing
He staggers over a stubbled ground;
He climbs upon a sunny stone,
Shakes winter off, and looks around.

He polishes his dingy coat
And scrapes a valiant tune and high
To tell his tiny universe
That April's due to scunter by.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I • April • 1947

Spring Rhymes

Meadow Lark Song

LOOK at me! I'm the meadow lark.
Can you see I'm the meadow lark?
Over here! Over here!
Look at me! I'm the meadow lark.

Yellow cap and yellow coat
With a black tie at my throat.
Over here! Over here!
Listen to my happy note.

SADIE ASHFORD GARNETT

A Happy Season

THE birds are singing in the trees;
The grass is swaying in the breeze;
Oh, how I hate to go to bed at night
When it almost seems just like daylight.

First comes pussywillow in her coat of gray;
Then comes Mrs. Tulip in her colors gay.
Next comes Miss Daffodil in her dress of gold,
And away goes Jack Frost who is very bold.

Oh! There is a robin up in a tree.
He is eating a cherry, don't you see?
Oh! Just take a look at his bright-red breast.
We will see him again when he goes back to rest.

RUTH SMITH, Bishop School,
Norwich, Connecticut

Bluebird

B LUEBIRD, bluebird flew into my window.
And sailed about the room
To find a place to rest,
Then out it flew again
To its own little nest.
I jumped up from my bed
To see where it had flown,
And when I caught sight of it
It was sitting on a nest
All its own.
Out it flew again
As if it had been blown.

PATTY PEARSON, Age 7
Warsaw School, Warsaw, Va.

The Mouse

WE walked into our nice schoolhouse;
Surprise, surprise, we found a mouse!

He sat upon his little hind feet.
He almost smiled, he looked so sweet.

From the flagpole to basket he made one leap,
During the night while we were asleep.

Now he lives in the woods in his own little house,
For you know first grade isn't home to a mouse.

LONGFELLOW FIRST GRADE
Downers Grove, Illinois

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The Haste-Me-Well Quilt

ELIZABETH YATES

Illustrations by Edna Potter



SIMON lay very still in his bed. Outside, birds were singing in the apple tree; cows were mooing by the pasture bars as they did when it was time to be milked.

Sometimes the wind flapped a little at the drawn shade, lifting it and letting in a flash of sunshine to frolic through the darkened room. But Simon only turned restlessly on the bed, kicking at the sheet and sending his books onto the floor. He was tired of lying still, tired of being sick. He was cross at the world.

A set of crayons which his father had brought him that morning toppled off the bed. The blue one lay broken. Simon was glad it was broken and wished they all were. He did not want to use them. He hated everyone. He—

Then the door opened slowly. It was Grandmother, with something over her arm. She went quietly across to the window, raising the shade so the sunlight could come into the room. The scent of lilacs came, too, and the song of birds.

Simon screwed up his eyes and said crossly, "Don't want any light, want darkness."

Grandmother laid the quilt she was carrying across the end of his bed; then she sat down on the bed and took one of Simon's hands in hers. She put her other hand on his forehead. Her touch was cool and gentle, like the water of a brook on a summer day. Simon opened his eyes and stared at her.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," Grandmother said slowly. "That's in the Bible,

Simon. Grandfather read it to me this morning before he went out to plant the corn."

Simon opened his eyes wider. Grandmother had put something at the end of his bed. It was a patchwork quilt. Simon looked at it curiously. It was not made of odd-shaped patterns sewn together, but of tiny pictures of real things.

"Granny, what have you got?" he asked, forgetting how cross he was at the world, forgetting his hot, heavy head.

"This, Simon, is a quilt that we have always laid on the bed of sickness. Because of that it is called the *Haste-Me-Well Quilt*."

Deftly she shook it out of its folds and spread it over Simon, saying as she did so, "Grandfather needs you to help him on the farm. Your father wants to take a strong boy back to the city with him. It's time that you got well."

"Is it a magic quilt?" Simon asked, fingering it warily.

Grandmother nodded. "Perhaps, but a very special kind of magic."

Then something happened to Simon. He smiled. And because he had not smiled for a week but only thought how sorry he was for himself, his lips were a little stiff at the corners. But the smile lived on in his eyes, dark and deep, almost as dark as his thick, black hair.

"Tell me about it, please," he said, snuggling down under the quilt and pulling Grandmother's hand up to his chin.

"Long ago, Simon," she began, "more than a hundred years ago, my grandmother—"

"Your grandmother!" he exclaimed, such a long way that seemed to reach back into the past.

"Yes," Grandmother nodded. "Lucy, her name was, made the quilt. She lived on a farm on the moors close to the Scottish border. She was not much older than you when she started it, and she finished it when she was seventeen—in time for her marriage. All of her friends were making quilts, but they made them out of bits and pieces of calico cut into squares or circles or triangles and sewed together into pretty patterns. Lucy was gay and strong, with quick fingers and a lively mind. She wanted to do something different, so she cut out her bits of calico into little pictures."

Grandmother bent over the quilt and Simon propped his head up to follow her finger's journey across it.

"See, here is the farmhouse where she lived on the edge of the moors. Here are the chickens and the old tabby. Here is the postman, the muffin man with his bell, and the peddler who came with trinkets and ribbons and pots and pans. Here is her father, going off with his crook for the sheep. Here is a teakettle and the footstool at her feet, tables and fire tongs, watering cans and a bellows, horses and snails, a great castle and a coach with dashing horses. Things she read about are here, like dragons and kangaroos and gladiators, as well as the latest fashion in bonnets and a mirror to try them on before—" Grandmother got more and more excited as her fingers flew across the quilt and she pointed out its wonders.

"It is a magic quilt," Simon agreed.

"Whatever young Lucy saw as interesting or amusing," Grandmother went on, "she snipped out of calico, sewed onto a white square which was sewed to all the other squares. Then see, Simon, around the border she planted an old-fash-

ioned garden of hollyhocks and larkspur."

"It's like your garden, Granny, here at Easterly Farm!" Simon exclaimed.

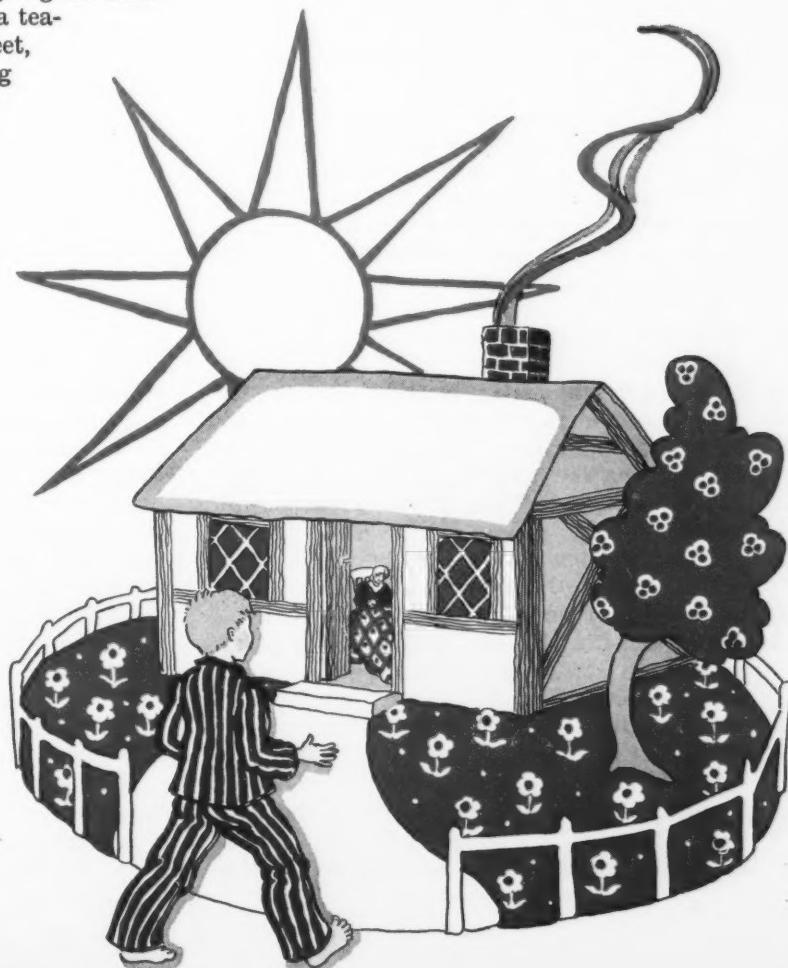
"That's because it was her garden," Grandmother said quietly.

"It was?"

"Yes. When Lucy married, she and her husband came to America, here to this New England countryside. It was close to wilderness then, you must remember, but with their own hands they built this house; and while Silas cleared the fields and planted his crops and raised his stock, Lucy brought up her family—five boys and five girls, each one with a name from the Bible."

"And the quilt?"

"It must have meant everything to her in those days, for it was all her past—beautiful and orderly and gracious—and she brought it forward into a life of hardship and toil and privation. To her it was the tale of an age that was gone forever, costumes and customs, the little things used in a house and the larger things that, though never seen, were talked about; and she made it the background of



Simon found himself walking up to the wide, front door . . .

her new life in a strange, distant country."

"How did it get its name, Granny? You haven't told me that."

Grandmother smiled. "The quilt used to lie on the guest bed, for all to admire it and for its occasional use. Then one day Peter was sick. He was the eldest of the five boys. He was racked with chills and nothing they could do seemed to warm him. Lucy put all the blankets she had over him, and finally the quilt. Soon, oh, much sooner than anyone thought possible, the chills shivered themselves away and he went to sleep. Ever after that the quilt was put on the bed of a child who was sick."

"Was it ever on my father's bed?" Simon asked.

"Yes." Grandmother looked away. "Once when he fell from the barn during the haying and hurt his back, the doctor said that he could not do anything for him because he could not keep him still long enough." Grandmother smiled and turned back to look at Simon. "Grandfather and I didn't give up so easily. We put the quilt on his bed and for days and days afterward your father had wonderful adventures with it. He was always going to tell me about them, but he always forgot to."

Simon was looking drowsy so Grandmother smoothed the folds of the quilt as it lay over him and stole softly from the room.

Simon moved his fingers lovingly over the quilt. He stroked the furry rabbit and called to the horse galloping across the field. He waved to the coach as it dashed along the road to London and he bought a muffin from the muffin man. Then he opened the gate in the white fence that enclosed the farmhouse from the rolling moors and went up to the wide, front door. Seeing it from a distance, he had not thought he could possibly go through the door, but the nearer he got to it the larger it became, and he found himself going into the house.

Inside, it was cool and quiet. His steps echoed a bit on the polished brick of the floor, but the sound did not disturb the tabby sleeping by the hearth. On the hob hung a fat kettle with a wisp of steam coming from its spout, saying, as clearly as any words, that whoever might be passing would be welcome to a dish of tea.

Simon went to the end of a passage and pushed open another door. A young girl was sitting by an open window. Grandmother had not told him what Lucy looked like, but Simon

knew right away that this was Lucy. The quilt lay in a heap on the floor beside her, on a table near-by were scissors and thread, and bits and pieces of cloth. Simon crossed the room and stood beside Lucy. She looked up at him.

"I have a little boy in the quilt," she said. "There's no room for you."

"That's all right," Simon replied, "but mayn't I sit down and watch you?"

"If you wish," she smiled, "but it's all finished."

Simon sat down, tailor-fashion, before her, cupping his chin in his hands.

"Two hundred and seventy-four squares around a center panel, bordered by flowers," Lucy went on. "It's all done, but it's well it is, for I'm going away next week."

"Where are you going?" Simon asked.

"To the New World." Lucy looked out of the window and Simon thought her voice throbbed, like a bird's on a low note. "I shall never see England again, never the rolling moors, nor the mountains of Scotland."

"Never?" Simon echoed. What a long time that was.

She shook her head slowly. "Ever since I was a little girl I have been cutting out and patching together the things that are my world. Now I can take my old world with me into the new. Once I wished I could draw pictures, go to London and study to be an artist, but—"

"Why didn't you?" Simon demanded.

"If I had been a man I should have, but a girl doesn't do those things. Scissors, thread, thimble, calico—those are my artist's tools. Fingers are wonderful things, aren't they, little boy? You put a tool in them—it doesn't matter what it is—a hoe, a churn, a needle, a spoon—and they do the rest."

"My father gave me crayons to draw with," Simon confided. "I want to be an artist some day."

"Crayons?" Lucy looked as if the word were strange to her. "They'll not make you an artist, but fingers will."

"Why?"

"Because they are friends to all you're feeling. I didn't know when I started this quilt that it would mean so much to me. Now, though I'm going far away, everything I love is going with me."

Simon stroked the quilt. "It will be nice to have it on your bed, won't it?"

She laughed. "Oh, it won't ever be on my bed. It's too good for that! It'll be in the

spare room, for guests to use when they come to stay with us."

"And it will be on the children's beds whenever they are sick," Simon continued.

Lucy looked at him, amazed. "What a strange idea!"

"It will make them well."

"Do you really think so, little boy?" Lucy looked incredulous; then her eyes gazed far away as if she did not see Simon at all. She said slowly, "The quilt could never do that, but perhaps the thoughts I have sewed into it could." Her eyes came back from the faraway place and she looked closely at Simon. "What is your name, little boy? I would like to know in case we meet again."

"Simon."

She wrinkled her brows. "Yes, Simon. For a moment I thought you were one of my boys." She went on looking at him, as if wondering why he seemed so familiar; then she shook her head.

"There's magic in the quilt," Simon commented, reaching out and touching it.

"Magic? What strange words you use."

"But there is," Simon insisted. "How did you put it in?"

She laughed gaily. "What you call magic is just being happy in what you are doing, loving it the way you love the morning or the new lambs every spring. There's strength in happiness."

The blind was flapping at the window. The scent of lilacs filled the air. The sun, dropping low over the hills, was coming into the room like an arrow of gold. Simon drew his hands over the quilt and propped himself up on his elbows. On the floor lay his crayons, one of them broken.

He slipped out of bed and gathered the crayons together into their box; then he pushed the pillows up straight and climbed back into bed. Leaning against the pillows, he curved his knees up so his drawing pad might rest against them. He was sad that

the blue crayon was broken for so much blue was needed to arch the sky over the rolling moors and give life to Lucy's eyes.

Quickly he worked, his fingers strong and free, eager with happiness, hurrying to do something for Grandmother that he might have a present for her when she came back to his room.

The door pushed open a little, then wider, as Grandmother saw Simon. On the table by his bed she laid a small tray.

"There's a glass of milk from the afternoon's milking, Simon," she said. "Grandfather sent it up to you, and I thought you'd like a molasses cookie from a batch I've just made."

Simon finished his picture quickly and held it up for Grandmother to inspect.

"See, Granny, I have a present for you!"

Grandmother smiled as she took the drawing. It was a happy picture, well done, too. Simon's father would be pleased with it. A young girl and a patchwork quilt, and in the background a small stone farmhouse. Grandmother looked closer. It was the Haste-Me-Well Quilt and Lucy looking at the world with eyes of wonder.

"Thank you, Simon, thank you very much, but I did not tell you my grandmother's eyes were blue, did I?"

Simon shook his head. "Were they?"

"Yes, blue as morning light on the mountains, and her fingers were fine and strong."

Fingers were wonderful things, Simon thought. It didn't much matter what they held if they held it with joy. Simon looked dreamily across the room. He was trying to remember something to tell Grandmother, but whatever it was it was slipping from him like a rainbow before full sunshine.

"May I get up now, Granny, please?" he asked.

A surprised smile lighted Grandmother's face. She nodded and began to fold up the Haste-Me-Well Quilt.





Juan's Parakeet

ELIZABETH LAMB SHEFFIELD

Illustrations by Ralph Ray, Jr.

"You have nothing to sell," his mother answered. "The green corn is not yet ready, and the pottery is broken."

Juan remembered that he and Jose had bumped into the pole over the charcoal fire in the yard and it had fallen on the newly made pottery that was to have gone to market.

"I can sell or trade Paraquita," Juan replied.

"Not Paraquita!" his mother cried. She was much surprised.

"Yes," he answered timidly, and hung his head in shame. The thought had popped into his head when he realized he had to have some reason to go to market.

"She has been your pet since you were very little," his mother chided.

"I know," he replied. He put his hand to his shoulder to scratch Paraquita's neck.

"Yes, you may go," his mother said at last. Juan rubbed the top of Paraquita's head and the bird closed its eyes and ducked its bill into the feathers of its neck.

As Juan trudged along the highway, he was thinking very seriously. There was nothing he owned which he could sell except the parakeet. He had to have an excuse to go to market and that was the only one he could think up quickly.

"An American is to be in the market today," Juan whispered to Paraquita. Paraquita blinked knowingly. "Don't you want to see an American? My friend Pablo in La Union says they are not like Indians, and they do not speak the same." Paraquita blinked again.

The thought of giving up Paraquita was a heavy weight inside of Juan. When Juan was very small, his father had set a cage near the edge of the forest, and soon there was Paraquita sitting in the cage eating the food that his father had placed there.

When they walked into the market through the street entrance, Juan headed for the shade of the porch. He stood beside some cracked corn. Paraquita blinked one eye and nodded her head toward the corn. If Juan would edge a little nearer she might get a billful. She was hungry after the long journey from the country.

Cats usually prowled among the bags at the

JUAN opened his eyes wide and rubbed them sleepily. Beside him, on the pallet of dry palm leaves, lay his brother Jose, still asleep. Juan looked up to the peak of the thatched roof, then down the bamboo pole sides to the pronged pole in the corner that held up the roof. There was Paraquita blinking at him. Paraquita sat in the corner near his bed every night.

"*Buenas dias, Paraquita,*" said Juan (meaning "Good Morning, Paraquita.")

Suddenly Juan rolled right off the crackling leaf bed onto the floor. He did not bother with dressing, for he always slept in his clothes. He reached over and lifted the bright green parakeet from her favorite prong.

"We have important things to do today," said Juan as he nuzzled the parakeet. "You are going with me to market, Paraquita," he whispered close to her soft green head.

Juan walked out of the one-room thatched house to where his mother was patting tortillas for their morning meal. His sister Blanca was crushing corn for the tortillas.

"I want to go to market in La Union today," announced Juan in a voice he made important.

edge of the patio. For safety Juan moved across the empty patio of the market, past the sticky sun-drenched piles of dark brown sugar loaves to the coolness of the trees where watermelons were lying on the ground in irregular piles. He held Paraquita high on his fingers as he walked. He nodded to her, and she gave an answering tweet.

All around, people were busy with the things they had brought to sell in the market. Those who lived in La Union were buying. No one was in a hurry. Everyone seemed to want something to eat. Men with little bags slung over their shoulders stopped for a crispy bacon rind which was still dripping hot grease. The women, squatting among their tomatoes and limes, were arranging and rearranging them in little piles of five. Small children caressed the round, green melons and cooled their little hands on the smooth skins. Among all these people Juan seemed to be alone, for no one spoke to him.

No one offered him anything for his pet, and he was timid about asking anyone to buy. He wandered around the grassless patio. The sight of the tortillas made him hungry. Paraquita also had a hungry look in her beady eyes when she saw the tortillas.

In the middle of the afternoon Juan went to the fountain in the middle of the patio for the fifth time to quench his and Paraquita's thirst, since water did not cost him money. He looked around and suddenly saw a person point a black box at him. The person did not look like the rest of the Indians. She spoke to him in a strange language. She must be the American! Juan was startled and did not move for a second. Evidently that was enough time, for the queer person smiled at him and came over to look at Paraquita.

Would she be a customer? Juan lifted Paraquita to his shoulder. Then he balanced her high on his finger and she held tightly and swung around, coming upright almost immediately.

The lady held out a banana, and the parakeet started to

Suddenly she pointed her black box at Juan and Paraquita . . .

eat it. Juan would have liked to have shared it with Paraquita. Then the lady bought tortillas and cracked corn for Paraquita. She took her black box—a camera—and made pictures as Paraquita ate and as Juan watched hungrily. Juan tried to make the lady understand that the parakeet was for sale.

Suddenly she thrust something into Juan's hand and he looked down and blinked in amazement. It was a fifty-centavo coin. Fifty centavos for what? Was it for Paraquita? With a long face he offered to give the lady his little green parrot. She smiled, shook her head, and patted Juan on the shoulder. He suddenly realized the money must be to pay him for making Paraquita do tricks while the lady took pictures.

Money with which he could buy bananas, thought Juan! Three whole bananas for one centavo! He forgot that he intended to sell Paraquita; forgot the American who had given him the money. He raced over to a squatting woman who was carefully stacking bananas in piles of three. He handed his fifty-centavo piece to her and chose his three bananas. As he counted his wealth of forty-nine centavos, which he got in change, Paraquita ducked her head beneath his chin and nipped a bite of the banana that Juan was lifting to his mouth. Then, and only then, did Juan look up at the American who was busy taking more pictures. He gave her a radiant smile which meant more than the "*Muchas gracias, senora*" (meaning "Many thanks, lady") which he mumbled between bites of the banana.

It was a happy boy who went trudging home with Paraquita still on his shoulder and forty-nine centavos in his pocket.





Let's Visit a Hotel in Spanish

ALMA REISBERG

THIS IS the third page in a series of four to help prepare you for a visit in a country where Spanish is spoken.

The pronunciations here are only suggestions. To learn to speak well it is best to listen to the conversation of a Spanish-speaking person. In Spanish these letters sound different than they do in English:

J sounds like H as in Home

LL sounds like Y as in Yes

Ñ sounds like NY as in Canyon

Z sounds like S as in Saw

Y (and) sounds like EE as in Bee

Have you a room with bath?

¿Tiene usted un cuarto con baño?

(Tee-ayn'-ay oo-stayd' oon kwar'-toh kohn bahn'-yoh?)

Please give me a newspaper.

Déme un periódico, por favor.

(Day'-may oon pay-ree-oh'-dee-koh, pohr fah-vohr').

We wish the bill.

Queremos la cuenta.

(Kay-ray'-mohs lah kwayn'-tah.)

Where can I find the maid?

¿Dónde puedo hallar la camarera?

(Dohn'-day pway'-doh ah-yahr' lah cah-mah-ray'-rah?)

Colors

Yellow: *Amarillo* (ah-mah-ree'yoh)

Red: *Rojo* (roh'hoh)

Black: *Negro* (nay'groh)

Green: *Verde* (vayr'-day)

White: *Blanco* (blahn'-koh)

Blue: *Azul* (ah-sool')

Numbers

21. *Veintiuno* (vayn-tee-oo'-noh)

22. *Veintidós* (vayn-tee-dohs')

30. *Trenta* (trayn'-tah)

40. *Cuarenta* (kwah-rayn'-tah)

50. *Cincuenta* (seen-kwayn'-tah)

60. *Sesenta* (say-sayn'-tah)

70. *Setenta* (say-tayn'-tah)

80. *Ochenta* (oh-chayn'-tah)

90. *Noventa* (noh-vayn'-tah)

100. *Ciento* (see-ayn'-toh)

Adventure—With Safety

APRIL is a gay month, fair and lovely. It makes us feel like skipping, and running, and filling our lungs with springtime. There's a fresh new sparkle to the earth; the air seems sweeter, the sun brighter, the water warm enough to dip our toes in.

Everybody wants to get out-of-doors. Grown-ups who've been hiding their noses behind ledgers and desk work during the long winter months look up suddenly to discover green and bubbling springtime just outside their office windows. Garden tools get an airing again, and everyone begins dipping his fingers into the rich, brown earth. Gaudy-jacketed seed catalogues receive our keen attention, and the family car gets a bath and a trip to the country or the town across the hill.

It's a "stretching" month. Everything and everybody is growing a little and wanting to reach out to try new things. Boys and girls restlessly await daily "school-letting-out" to test their baseball bats, skipropes, and bicycles in new and untried places. There's a lot of seemingly unnecessary fuss about wearing sweaters and galoshes, and keeping off the damp ground and away from the swimming pool until the water warms up. Recesses seem shorter and the dinner-hour cuts too soon into our fun-time.

April is a month for adventure; but it can also be a *dangerous* month. Springtime pleasures often involve springtime hazards, and we must be prepared to deal with them.

It's only common sense to start any new adventure with the best equipment possible. Men like Admiral Byrd, who planned the present South Polar expedition, would not think of beginning a trip without a careful check of their equipment, plans for safeguarding health, definite rules for safe conduct, and careful preparation for possible emergencies.

Your hike into the woods to find trailing arbutus or to rout a reluctant bunny out of a hole should begin in the same way. That business about sweaters and dry feet may be a nuisance, but it's all to the good, if you want to spend more afternoons exploring new trails and fewer in bed at home with a cold. Knowing how to find your way when the trail ends suddenly; being able to recognize poisonous plants; realizing the danger of drinking

strange water or eating unknown fruit; having a mastery of woodcraft, fire making and fire smothering; knowing first aid—all are just common-sense ways of getting the greatest pleasure out of a day in the woods.

The same rules of safety and common sense apply to any other springtime adventure. Any ordinary boy or girl with a sense of balance can take a rusty bike from a rack and peddle it around the neighborhood with reasonable ease. If he's foolhardy enough he can ride "two-on-a-bike," hitch rides, or weave through traffic without regard for others. But his trip is likely to be short-lived, and his stay in the hospital a long one.

A true adventurer-on-wheels believes in safety as much as he believes in fun. With a bike that is kept in factory-fresh condition he knows he can go farther, ride faster, and come back all-of-a-piece. By observing the rules of the road he not only safeguards himself but assures greater safety and pleasure to others. He learns that his bike can take him to far fields, help him to serve others, and give him a chance to share in many organized trips with other boys and girls. Safe handling assures greater skill, and the boy or girl who knows the safest way to ride usually turns out to be the champion among cyclists as well.

It's the same thing on the ball field or playground. The right equipment for the right game is a "must." Playing the game according to safe rules is just good sense. "Baseball finger," "pitcher's elbo," "hand-ball palm" are words with an amusing sound; but they're also slang for some painful injuries often resulting from unsafe methods of play or lack of safe equipment for playing.

If you don't have a catcher's mitt, don't try to catch. If you don't know the safe way to run for base, practice on a soft plot of ground before you enter the game. Neither Ted Williams nor Stan Musial got to be headliners on the careless route. Champions know that safety pays.

All springtime adventures—at school, in the woods, on a trip, or just walking along the streets at home—can become more exciting if begun with sane planning and the correct equipment, and carried out with skill and a respect for safety rules.—E. W. Robinson.



From Czechoslovakia

◀This tiny girl wears the native costume of Moravia. Her picture came to you in a school correspondence album from Czechoslovakia with a Peace Day message of good will to America

Talagante, Chile. This album was sent to the Oakdale School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

I live in the country on a big ranch called *El Oliveto*.

The men who work on the ranch live in a house on the property, and are called *Inquilinos* (tenants), and there are about eighty of them. These tenants devote their time to cultivation of the fields; they plant wheat, corn, peas, potatoes and barley for the cattle.

There is a very large barn which is called the *illaveria* (storeroom). Here loaves of bread, *galleta*, are distributed to the laborers (a *galleta* is a large loaf of bread made of black flour), and in this store-room are kept also all the implements.

There is another barn where the tractors, carts, plows, etc., are kept.

For the tenants there is a football field where they go on Sundays for their recreation. The team from this ranch plays matches with teams from other neighboring ranches on holidays, and sometimes they come to play on the field here.

This ranch's team is called the *Santa Adriana* team and it has won numerous trophies, cups, medals and other artistic prizes.

The laborers call the proprietor of the ranch *El Patron* (the Boss) and his wife is called *La Patrona*, and their children are called *Los Patroncitos* (little bosses).

The *Patron* lives in a very pretty two-story chalet. In front of this chalet there is a lovely park beautified by masses of flowers of different colors.

CHILEAN CUSTOMS

From School Number 10 in San Fernando, Colchagua, Chile, an album was sent to the pupils of the Concord Grammar School, Concord, California, telling of the many similarities of Chile and the United States.

Dear friends in the U. S. A.:

We received with a great deal of pleasure the letter and album you sent us. It contained so many interesting facts about our sister nation which we know so little about yet for which we have great affection.

We take pleasure in sending you some news of our country. So many of our customs are just like yours.

Our school is very small and has only four grades. In the elementary schools of Chile we learn Spanish, mathematics, natural history, social economy, health, singing.

Our school also has Junior Red Cross. The children practice first aid, how to keep the little chil-

THE MAGNIFICENT spirit of the Czech people, young as well as old, is reflected in the following portion of a school correspondence album from the Girls' Junior High School, Cesky Brod.

At a far distance from your great country, we, the children of resurrected Czechoslovakia, greet you heartily.

Our dear and beautiful homeland has risen once again after much suffering caused by the occupation. Once more Czechoslovakia has taken her place among the free nations. Again our country is one of the links in the chain of free and peace-loving nations of the world. Thanks to the great allies, thanks to your heroic army, thanks to our own great warriors, our illustrious people and our dear and beloved President, we live as a free land again. After the terrible horrors of war, we start our school work again with joy. Our people are working with enthusiasm in the fields and meadows, gardens, forests and factories in trying to restore our country's resources after the heavy damages inflicted by the war.

Although there is not yet available as much material as we need for our work, we have tried to make toys and small souvenirs out of remnants, bits and substitutes and are sending them to you in order to show you our fields of activity.

Thank you for your kind interest.

A CHILEAN RANCH

A ranch in Chile is interestingly described in an album from School Number 11, Oliveto,

Czechoslovakia and Chile

Chileans prepare "curanto," a favorite local dish made of sea food, vegetables, pork products and lamb, in readiness for an outdoor feast in honor of the visiting President of their Republic ➤

dren clean, and how to keep the school clean and orderly.

Our games also are like yours, and we also sail kites, play marbles and jump rope.

The means of transportation are the ox-cart and horse in the countryside, but we naturally have trains, ships, autos, buses, planes, street cars. Now we are using lots of bicycles.

The south of Chile is very beautiful. There are found our great forests supplying quantities of fine quality wood.

The country lies between the great Andean range of mountains and the Pacific Ocean. The first zone contains rich mineral deposits of nitrate, copper, silver, and gold. In the second zone are important ports and exquisite beaches such as Valparaiso and Constitucion that attract thousands of foreigners.

In the north of Chile are found the largest nitrate mines in the world, and from there the finest of all natural fertilizers is shipped to supply almost every part of the globe.

In the production of copper Chile is the world's largest exporter. Her principal mines are the Sewell, Porellas, and Chuqincamota.

CITIES OF THE CENTRAL VALLEY

Among the cities of the central valley, with rich agriculture and still retaining much of its colonial aspect in its construction, is San Fernando. By the branch line of Alcones, whose countryside is characterized by its vineyards and hawthorn bushes, one reaches the resort of Pichilemu, with its excellent beach and fine hotels. Toward the mountains are the famous mineral baths of El Flaco known for the curative effects of its waters. Here the government has built a splendid modern hotel, and with its good road it should attract many tourists for it has a beautiful snowy landscape and magnificent forests.

Another town is Curico, known for the equipment it makes for the cowboys, such as saddles, stirrups. It is said that not a horse is ever chafed or rubbed if he is fitted by a saddle in Curico.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO YOU

Boys and girls of the Junior Branch of the Czechoslovakian Red Cross in Brno sent the following letter in a correspondence album addressed to Junior Red Cross members in America. The letter reflects not only the courage of these people, but the intense interest Czechoslovakian children maintained in Junior Red Cross activities despite years of deprivation and war.



FROM SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE ALBUM

We send you hearty greetings in the name of 24,000 boys and girls aged 6-15 in Brno. We children of again-free Czechoslovakia greet you, children of free America. Six years we were not allowed to speak freely; six years we could not speak freely. Only our older friends in our Branche remembered the contacts our countries had before the war, and showed us the beautiful albums you sent us in exchange. They remained, as a memory of your land of liberty. Six long years we should not have heard anything from you. And yet, in spite of death-danger, we listened daily to the wireless programs from your country and we looked up to the sky, in expectation of your planes.

Our schools were made into munition factories; many of our fathers died in concentration camps, or had to go as slave-workers to far countries. Our teachers could not teach us history; we could not learn about the life in other countries; many good books were forbidden and every free expression was trampled down. In spite of all suffering we did not cease for a moment to believe in the victory of truth and goodwill. And truth prevailed!

For victory we have to thank your fathers, who with such bravery fought for freedom and liberty. We promise to remain ever true to this ideal and never to hesitate ever to lay down our life for it.

We send two pictures from our town painted by one of us. We want to express our thanks to you in words and do hope you will accept our greetings. Long live your president! Long live United States!

Illustrations for *Dong and Billy Make a Deal* in the February NEWS were by Weda Yap.



This boy demonstrates, not a dance as you might suppose, but the native way of polishing floors by "skating" or scraping them with half a coconut shell



Coconuts for use as craft materials in military hospitals in Manila are loaded on a truck by enthusiastic Philippine Junior Red Cross members



Junior Red Cross members help supply officer pack native raw materials into his car for delivery to Red Cross hospital arts and crafts shops

NEW USES FOR PHIL

Philippine children learn many uses for their native products. Junior Red Cross school projects help them turn raw materials into things of beauty

Philippine boys and veterans in military hospitals in Manila study together the problems involved in making vases out of native bamboo

Native seeds gathered by Philippine children make gay beads; they are strung into necklaces by hospital patients to send "the girl back home"





Bamboo strips for weaving and sea-shells for making decorative gifts are packed by Junior Red Cross members as part of a school project



It's a long way up! But not too far for this boy who wants to do his share in supplying native materials to hospital arts and crafts shops



Wood blocks may be carved into useful and decorative shoes like those worn by the woman on the right. Junior Red Cross members help by collecting these blocks

PHILIPPINE PRODUCTS

Junior Red Cross members discuss the problems involved in their school project to supply native raw materials to craft shops for veterans

Red Cross worker samples coconut milk and discusses with Philippine farmer possibility of children collecting coconut shells from his grove

Skillful at native crafts, this girl shows a wounded serviceman and Red Cross worker how to make a fan from dyed feathers collected by Junior members



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS

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NO. 7

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.



Pan-American Day

APRIL 14 is the day set aside by the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere to symbolize how nations can work together in harmony and understanding. It is observed throughout the Americas by a display of the national flags and by colorful ceremonies.

The slogan for the 1947 observance of Pan-American Day is particularly well chosen. It is: *Cooperation—Keynote of the Americas*.

In keeping with this observance of Pan-American Day, you will find in this issue of the News pictures and stories about our neighbors to the south.

Grandfather Umbrella

Frances Margaret Fox and
C. Kay Simmons

IT WAS a rainy Saturday in April and Bruce was growing tired of waiting for Uncle Tim. He wished he had gone with the rest of the fifth grade to morning movies. But Uncle Tim had said he'd see all sorts of interesting things in the Smithsonian Institution, so he had come.

Now he sat, holding Uncle Tim's big, old, black umbrella before him with both hands. He was wishing he had brought a Superman comic to look at. Seeing a pleasant looking guard standing near, he went up to him.

"Will you tell me what time it is, please?" he asked, his voice showing his weariness.

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"Ten o'clock," said the guard. Then in a moment, "Have you seen the umbrellas? They're very interesting."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce. He had glanced at the glass cases of umbrellas when he had first come in. They seemed to him only queer.

"Yes, indeed," said the guard. "Their ancestors were even more interesting. Only kings and clergymen could afford them. The earliest were made of oiled paper, often four stories high. These were carried before the Emperor of China when he went out."

"Four stories high," said Bruce.

"Yes," said the guard. "But Siam was the land of the seven-storied umbrellas. In ancient days umbrellas were carried in religious ceremonies and processions. In Syria and Persia and Egypt royal umbrellas were made of feathers and embroidered silk."

"Ages ago in Japan, when the Mikado appeared in public, a servant carried a red silk umbrella to protect him from the sun and rain. In India, the princes used umbrellas with ribs of gold. They were symbols of royalty, and when a prince died his ceremonial umbrella was buried with him."

"Robinson Crusoe made an umbrella out of skins," said Bruce. "It was for sun or rain."

"For many centuries sunshades and umbrellas were alike," went on the guard. "Some 500 years B.C. a gay ancestor known as a parasol came upon the scene. In Athens, Greece, the wives of visiting strangers had to walk in the processions on feast days and carry parasols for Grecian ladies. And even at that time umbrellas could be opened and closed."

Bruce started to ask a question but the guard continued.

"Coming to modern times, we learn that in Rome two servants went walking with a wealthy woman, one carrying her fan, the other her umbrella. Portuguese merchants, Spanish grandees, French noblemen—all carried parasols and umbrellas, for fashion as well as protection."

"The ancestors of our umbrellas!" laughed Bruce.

The guard continued, "Two famous ancestors were heard of in the eighteenth century in Great Britain. One came from Persia to England in 1750 for Sir Jonas Nanway. The other was brought by Dr. John Jamieson from Paris in 1781 to his home in Scotland."

Just then Uncle Tim came and Bruce was sorry. He wanted to ask about umbrella handles and ribs, but the guard said, "You'll have to read about them for yourself, my lad."

AMERICANS ALL

Right: Schoolboys are much the same the world over as this picture from La Puntilla, Argentina, proves. As soon as "school lets out" they make a bee-line for the "swimmin'-hole"—and FUN



Center: In Sao Paulo, Brazil, mothers bring their children to the Red Cross clinic where they receive prompt and sympathetic advice on health and nutrition problems and proper child care



Below, right: School children in South America like to keep health charts just as you do. With the charts they find out how much they are growing, and train themselves to build strong bodies



Below, left: This little girl helps her mother care for the younger children in the family. Her baby brother is her special charge and she takes her "babysitting" very seriously, as you can see



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS



Tips to Teachers

WILLIAM J. FLYNN

PLAY SAFE AND PLAY LONGER

April is the month of "coming out" parties. The participants in these gay affairs are not society debutantes. The parties are attended by millions of boys and girls who have emerged from their hibernation after a cold, confining winter.

It is a well-known scientific fact that certain chemical elements may be confined in a space for just so long a time and then they tend to force themselves violently out of this restricted area. Boys and girls follow this general pattern of action. The first sign of spring finds them bursting out of their limited confines. At this time of year lessons in accident prevention become especially valuable.

In the pamphlet, *American Junior Red Cross Accident Prevention* (ARC 685), we find the objectives of an accident prevention course summarized as follows:

1. Building personal habits of carefulness, and developing a sensitized social conscience concerned with the safety of fellow citizens.
2. Helping people to see existing hazards in their own surroundings and activities.
3. Inducing individuals and groups to eliminate such hazards wherever and whenever it is possible for them to do so.
4. Making them aware of ways to safeguard themselves and others against hazards the elimination of which is beyond their control.
5. Above all, inducing them to avoid creating unjustifiable hazards anywhere—at home, at school, at play, and on the highway.

Over all these objectives one other might be stated: preventing the needless hazard in order to be strong and free to take desirable or necessary risks. The patriot today, the pioneer of not many generations ago, the trained lifeguard, the aviator, are examples of men and women who live dangerously but not carelessly.

The general topic of accident prevention might well be made a major theme in Junior Red Cross council meetings this spring.

GIVING LESSONS ON SAFETY

The following paragraphs about a significant new publication, *Growing Up Safely*, appeared in an article by Catherine MacKenzie, published in the *New York Times Magazine Section*, September 15, 1946.

"Parents want their children to grow up to be self-reliant. But they also want children to live to grow up, and remain all in one piece, so they are likely to caution, 'Look out' and 'Don't fall' and 'Don't drop it.' According to one scientific study the much-cautioned child seldom has accidents, but he scores low on resourcefulness. What to do?

"Parents who have not figured this out may like to look into a new bulletin, *Growing Up Safely*. Here the emphasis is put, not on warnings, but on knowing how. 'There is nothing so disastrous to one's confidence as being warned that one cannot do something,' the authors point out. Instead of saying, 'Look out, you'll fall,' they suggest such reassurance as, 'Hold tight,' or 'Take it slowly.'

"We think the tone of voice might have everything to do with any reassurance conveyed, so we take the liberty of suggesting a good grip on one's self when a child, airily perched at a dizzy height, calls, 'Look at me!'"

Growing Up Safely is a joint publication of the Association for Childhood Education and the National Commission on Safety Education of the National Education Association. It costs 50 cents and can be obtained from the Association for Childhood Education, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Although it is prepared for teachers of elementary school children, the material relates to homes and neighborhoods as well as to classrooms and playgrounds. It especially relates to homes in its emphasis on general health, early use and control of muscles and on self-confidence. For example, the point is made that children are less likely to have accidents when they are physically well, wide awake and unworried. Good eyesight, good hearing and good muscular coordination are found to be important in growing up safely, and so is the way one feels about safety. "The approach to safe living should be positive rather than negative," the authors say. In our opinion, this approach must start early if it is going to stick.

The Body

A section on "learning to use one's body" bears on pre-school stages of growing up. This deals with the motor control to expect at dif-

ferent ages, and for different children. Long before the age of six most children have learned to handle themselves easily and with confidence, the bulletin states, provided they have had plenty of chances to run, climb, balance, handle objects, and if "the adults provide sufficient safeguards against bumps, falls, burns, cuts and other deterring hazards."

Presumably this refers to extreme hazards, but not all of them, since a certain percentage of bumps and cuts would appear normal to childhood. The authors seem to concede as much when they say, in another section, that some children just wouldn't look natural without a bandaged finger or a spot of iodine.

"... As soon as children are old enough to learn, they would be taught to handle equipment," the authors hold. "They should be taught how to use a knife rather than be forbidden the use of a knife; how to swim expertly rather than not allowed to go near the water; how to ride a bicycle skillfully rather than be denied a bicycle. . . . Safe living to a great extent is skillful living."

Tools

In the same vein, children's use of tools under adult supervision is reviewed. Real (not toy) tools can be safely handled and cared for even by young children (after all, this is done all the time in nursery schools and at home when parents themselves use tools, take care of them, and let the youngsters learn). "Here again the adults' use of them and attitude toward them and the children are most important," the authors point out.

Many parents will confirm the authors' assertion that young children can be taught to be careful of breakable things, to carry glasses and pour from pitchers, and that "children can be relied upon to handle and use the most fragile objects if adults expect them to be careful and give them confidence."

Possibly few parents need reminders about these rounded edges, non-poisonous paints, smooth finish and sturdy reinforcements, which are considered according to Hoyle for children's play materials; these are here, too. Consistent in their constructive approach, the authors say that the proper use of equipment, not its proper care, will follow. Well, there's no harm trying. In our observation proper care follows, but it takes time.

LATIN AMERICA

"Nature has placed it too near us to make its movements altogether indifferent to our interests and to our curiosity."—Thomas Jefferson.

The cornerstone of the Inter-American System and the keynote of the Americas is cooperation. On April 14, the governments of 21 republics of the Western Hemisphere will officially celebrate Pan-American Day.

Junior Red Cross members in this country implement the ideals of the Pan-American Union throughout the entire school year. Through the American Junior Red Cross program of international school correspondence we build a foundation for mutual understanding between the Americas and the rest of the world.

Junior Red Cross members have carried on correspondence through letter-booklets and correspondence albums with the following Latin American countries:

Argentina, Chile, Ecuador, Guatemala, Panama, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela.

Teacher-sponsors wishing to obtain additional information from these countries may write to:

The Office of the Counselor
Pan-American Union
Washington 6, D. C.

The Pan-American Union has prepared, and will furnish gratis to teachers and adult leaders, the following materials:

(1) *Manual for Students and Teachers*, containing excerpts from Gabriela Mistral's "Pledge for Youth in the Americas"; a radio play, "New World Symphony," which may also be used for stage presentation; folk dances of Brazil, Costa Rica, Peru and Uruguay, with music and directions; a geography quiz, games and puzzles;

(2) Selected list of *Latin-American Song Books and References for Guidance in Planning Fiestas*, containing material for use of groups in the preparation of programs and festivals which center around American customs;

(3) Suggestions for Pan-American Day, containing summarized ideas which have been worked into successful Pan-American Day programs.

BRAILLE EDITION

The braille magazine this month includes: from the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, in braille 1½, *Juan's Parakeet, Ideas on the March*, and *The Haste-Me-Well Quilt*; from the JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL, in braille grade 2, *Pampas Tracker*.

You'll Want to Read—

ARE YOU looking for a good book to read? Or is your class planning a special program in observance of Pan-American Day on April 14 or to celebrate Arbor Day? If so, you may find the books described below just what you want.

The Spanish-American Song and Game Book

Published by A. S. Barnes & Company, 67 West 44th Street, New York. The New Mexico Music Project and the New Mexico Writers' Project have worked together on the collection.

Should your school or your classroom plan to present a Spanish festival or hold a celebration for Pan-American Day, you will find this collection of songs and games of much help. The descriptions of the games, and the songs themselves, are given in both Spanish and English, so that you can learn Spanish while you play the games or sing the songs.

The artist, Gisella Loeffler, who made the illustrations for her own story, *San Geronimo Fiesta*, in the October and November numbers of the NEWS, also made the drawings for the *Spanish-American Song and Game Book*. You know then how cunning her pictures are.

The Adventures of Prince Leandro

By J. A. Rickard; illustrated by Ben P. Bailey, Jr.; published by Bernard Ackerman, Inc., New York.

This is a book of adventure stories taken for the most part from Latin-American folk tales. With his faithful dog, Punto, and Old Nievo, his horse, Prince Leandro starts out on six exciting adventures. There are adventures into the Lands of Anywhere, Elsewhere, and Everywhere, and, of course, at the end of all Prince Leandro's adventures there is awaiting him the hand of the beautiful princess.

THREE BOOKS ABOUT PUERTO RICO

Here are three little books about our Caribbean island neighbor to the south which you will surely want to read, for they are full of tropical adventure and excitement.

Pioneers of Puerto Rico

By Muna Lee; illustrated by Katherine Knight; published by D. C. Heath & Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

The book is made up of five stories which are true in their historic facts, yet follow the fortunes of an imaginary family in Puerto Rico which was descended from Ponce de Leon, one of the soldier-settlers who was with Columbus on his second voyage when he discovered Puerto Rico, November 19, 1493.

The Tiger and the Rabbit

By Pura Belpre; illustrated by Kay Peterson Parker; and published by Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

In this book you will find magic tales from Puerto Rico about beautiful princesses, brave young men, and clever animals, tales which were first told to the author when she was a young girl herself. If you are one who loves a "Once upon a time" story, you will enjoy these stories of old Puerto Rico.

The Four Friends

By Eleanor Hoffman; illustrated by Kurt Wiese; published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

This is a story of the amazing adventures of a pig, a parrot, a hen, and a dog. These amazing traveling companions have all sorts of fun and excitement as they whiz around the Puerto Rican countryside in a shiny limousine. You see, wonders of all kinds happen to animals on Christmas eve, we are told, especially in Puerto Rico.

SPRING-TIME READING

With the coming of Spring, our thoughts turn to the out-of-doors and to books which tell us stories about the wild life of our country. Two such books you will be especially interested in reading tell you about one great man, who learned much about wild life, and, at his death, left beautiful paintings of birds for us to enjoy. He was John James Audubon. And the two books about him are:

Boy of the Woods

By Maie Lounsbury Wells and Dorothy Fox; illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell; and published by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York, and

Joe Mason, Apprentice to Audubon

By Charlie May Simon; illustrated by Henry C. Pitz; and published by E. P. Dutton.

Ideas on the March



Colorful and clever are the many useful articles sent by children of Czechoslovakia to the children of America in return gift boxes from overseas. The roosters pictured here are replicas of delightful wooden toys designed, carved and painted by small Czechoslovakian craftsmen, for their friends, the children of the American Junior Red Cross.



EASTER CUSTOMS

ONE of the most beautiful Easter customs in the world is the observance of *Easter-Peace* in Czechoslovakia. The idea was started by Dr. Alice Masaryk, head of the Red Cross of that country.

On Easter Saturday the Peace is proclaimed in a solemn ceremony in the Parliament House at Prague. Then the Red Cross asks that for three days the newspapers, radio, and all the people turn their thoughts away from quarrels and bad feelings and toward speaking kindly and doing good.

On Easter Monday the Juniors of Czechoslovakia parade, dressed in the costumes they have worn in the Easter-Peace festivals for children on Palm Sunday.

Easter-Peace was observed last year for the first time since the German invasion. At that time a specially designed folder containing this beautiful message was sent to the American Junior Red Cross from the Republic of Czechoslovakia:

"The youth of the Czechoslovak Red Cross remembers gratefully and with love all its friends in the United States of America. On the occasion of the Czechoslovak Red Cross' Easter-Peace it sends them all joyful greetings with good wishes of everlasting peace and success from this liberated country."

No one can measure the great effect when

a whole nation turns thus to thoughts of others. In some sections of the United States, where Junior Red Cross groups have heard about this lovely custom, American Juniors have expressed an interest in joining their comrades in Czechoslovakia in spirit and deed in observing an Easter-Peace.

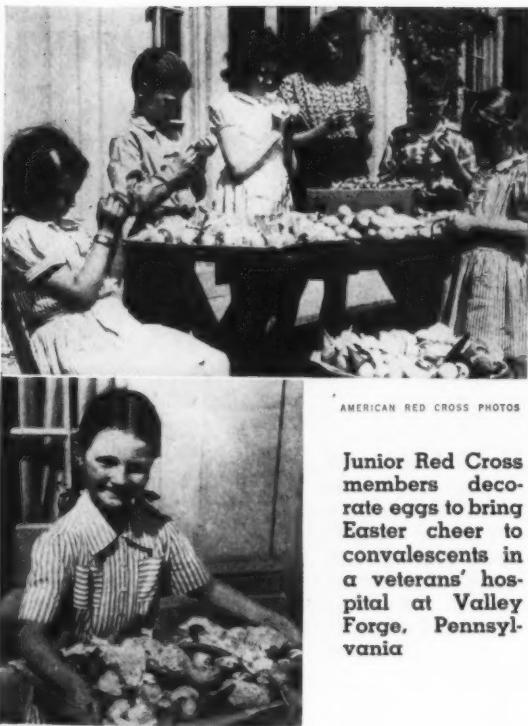
"We think you have a splendid idea," one school wrote when it heard of the custom. "If everyone in the world practiced it, we know the world would be safer and happier."

Do you think your group would be interested in this kind of observance?

FUN IN A HOSPITAL

ONCE in a while a letter so bright and cheerful that it makes you feel like dancing pops up in a school correspondence album. Such is this letter written recently by a girl in Washington, D. C. It comes as a shock for a minute to realize that this merry girl has been a patient in Children's Hospital for more than a year-and-a-half, bedridden by infantile paralysis. Some people can make even hospitals seem gay!

"Even though I am in a hospital, I have lots of fun," she writes. "We have movies once a week and the movies talk just like they would in a real theater. We also have lots of parties, for instance birthday parties, and we celebrate



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS

Junior Red Cross members decorate eggs to bring Easter cheer to convalescents in a veterans' hospital at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

lots of holidays. Some radio people come and have their radio program with us. A lot of movie stars come to see us also. The President's wife came to see us and some photographers took pictures of her with us! *Red Cross Gray Ladies come every day to help us make things and give us things to keep us happy.*

"To keep up with my school work I have a special teacher who comes twice a week. To keep me amused the most is my radio. People send us baskets of flowers, and plants help decorate our ward. Some of us have fish and turtles, but the best thing we like is the canary. The canary's name is Oser. He is a pretty bird and he just sings and sings! So you see even though you are in a hospital you can have lots of fun."

A girl whose spirit sings and sings as gaily as does her yellow canary will not stay in bed forever even though she has "polio." To keep happy and hopeful, though, during the long months of recovery, she needs fun and friends such as the Junior Red Cross can supply.

There are hundreds of children in hospitals throughout the country who are finding the gifts, entertainments and letters sent by others a help in keeping up their spirits and recovering their health. Is your Junior Red

Cross group remembering these boys and girls in the children's wards and hospitals? Easter-tide is a fine time to begin. Flowers, dyed Easter eggs, party favors, stuffed toys, cards, and scrapbooks can bring these children much Easter joy.

TRAVELS OF A LIBRARY

 A GROUP of Junior Red Cross members in Plainfield, New Jersey, has found a new way to aid other schools in learning how much the same are children all over the world.

These boys and girls started a traveling library made up of books about children in other countries. They purchased the books through their Junior Red Cross Service Fund, and labeled each book with a special book-plate marked *American Junior Red Cross*. The Red Cross Motor Corps delivered the books to selected schools where they remained for two weeks. Then they removed the books to other schools so that more children could learn about their neighbors in this and other lands.

The books were packed in boxes, some for 5- and 6-year-old children; others for 7- and 8-year-old boys and girls. They contained many of your own favorites, such as *Yu Lan, Flying Boy of China*; *Little Boat Boy*; and *Book of Indians*.

The traveling library is a type of program activity which other Junior Red Cross members may be interested in starting. The same thing can be done with little expense if boys and girls will contribute good books from their home libraries.

This is a particularly fine way to help our friends in rural schools.



School children of Prespice, Czechoslovakia, carry on a clean-up campaign in preparation for celebration of their annual Easter-Peace

Our Youngest Say "Happy Easter"



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS

It's fun to make Easter-egg presents for soldiers and sailors in hospitals. This boy and girl use school crayons to draw funny faces on the egg favors

You can make an Easter egg favor like this with just a little glue, a few chicken feathers, a bit of crepe paper, some school water colors—and an egg

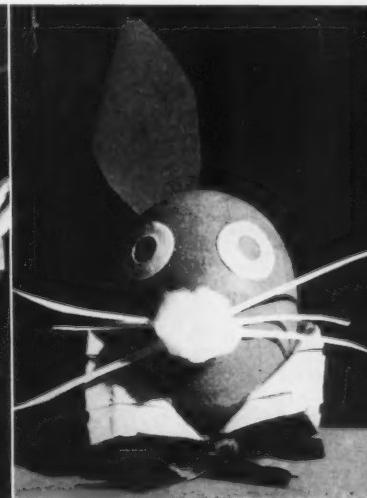
These children made Easter favors for boys and girls in hospitals. They made the gifts in school, using bright paper, scissors, ribbon and paste



This girl holds an armful of cuddly bunnies made by Junior Red Cross members in her school. They are to be sent to sick children in hospitals

It's easy to make an egg bunny like this. You need a little kraft paper, a fluff of cotton, some bright ribbon, two gummed rings, and paste

Blowing the raw egg out of the shell is not easy, but this girl knows just how to do it. When she is through, she'll decorate the egg for some hospital



Windy and Dusty

Christine K. Simmons

Pictures by Helen Finger Leflar

Part II

"THANK goodness," said Mother, as she came from the telephone. "Aunt Selma can get along without us. Mrs. Nelson and the schoolteacher came to help out."

"I'm sure glad," said Grandmother. "You've got your hands full here."

Dodo hardly knew where to begin.

"There's baths and everything," she wailed. "We'll never get through."

"Better start than stand," said Mother. "First things first, and finish up tomorrow. We're not going to have Hemmie's party spoiled by any old dust storm. Now the rain's begun, we can start to clean up."

"Better begin cleaning faces," said Grandmother.

It was light enough now to see, and everyone looked at everyone else and laughed. The little girls looked in the mirror and laughed again.

"I have a black and white face," said Dodo. "Just like a clown."

"My eyes are white, and my mouth looks clean inside when I open it," said Hemmie.

"Whoopee!" shouted Jimmy from the lean-to. "Just had a shower in the rain, but it's about over now."

"Dry your feet and come help us with the house," called Mother. "It's three o'clock already."

Just then the telephone rang—two short rings, one long and one short. It was from Uncle Fred's, where the men

were all helping get the roof back on the barn. Aunt Selma was offering to help with the birthday supper. "My kitchen's full of cooks," she said.

"Why, of course, answered Mother. "You couldn't think of any better way to help. The same dish you fixed for the church supper? Nothing could be better. And you'll never know how thankful I am." She was still for a minute, listening. "You're always a good neighbor, Selma. None better. The storm hit you folks hardest this time. Yes, send the dish along with Daddy. It'll sure save the day for us over here. Good-bye."

While Mother was talking, Dodo had gone upstairs to clean up, with Hemmie to help. They took the things from the bedroom closets and shook them out at the windows. They dusted shelves and floors and put the clothes back again. After that was done, they hurried downstairs, still coughing and sneezing.

Hemmie was tired, but it made her feel strong just to look at Mother. She had a blue bandanna handkerchief tied over her hair, and her blue eyes shone.

"First," she said, "the dishes. My little girl can stand on a chair and do them all alone, I know. We'll have to eat on the oilcloth, even if it is a birthday." Mother had already dusted the stove and washed the oilcloth on cupboards and table.

"We'll have to get all the bedding from upstairs out and in again before supper, too. I know, Dodo—let's be a team—you and Jimmy and I."

"Presto, change-oh! Be there pronto!" Jimmy had been shaking out Grandmother's things for her.

So, in a jiffy, Dodo was handing things through the window to Jimmy on the ladder, and Mother was going back and forth to hang them on the line.

"You and Dodo can bring the bedding in alone when everything's dusted. It's time for chores now," suggested Mother.

Through with the dishes, Hemmie was glad to go outside with Dodo to gather the eggs. The dampness of the air cooled her throat, but she could still taste dust and feel it in her teeth. "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!" she chanted as she followed Dodo on a run.

In the hen house the little girls nearly filled their baskets from the boxes of nests around the walls. In the barn Dodo climbed up into the hay-mow while Hemmie looked for eggs below.

It was still dark in the barn and Hemmie felt a little frightened. But she made herself look in the cows' feed racks and in the corners under them. Then on she went to the horses' stalls.

First she looked in Molly's stall. Beside this was Pete's stall. Reaching her hand into Pete's manger, what should Hemmie find but Sally, the old mother cat!

"Meow! Meow!" said Sally in the queerest voice.

Then Hemmie's fingers touched something else—Sally's new kittens! How warm and furry they were! They

felt just like part of dear, loveable Sally.

Hemmie called to Dodo and together they leaned over the manger.

"Sally did bring me her kittens on my birthday after all," said Hemmie. "There are two of them."

"Twin kittens," said Dodo. She lifted them up, one in each hand, for Hemmie to see. They were yellow and white, like their mother.

Dodo laid them gently in Hemmie's apron. Then, taking up the baskets of eggs, she led the way back to the house.

Sally came close to Hemmie and walked behind her, meowing softly all the way.

When they came to the back door, Dodo began to sing: "Kittens in a dust storm, ho, ho, ho!"

"How nice that Sally's babies were born just in time for Hemmie's birthday!" cried Mother, opening the door for



Hemmie reached her hand into the manger; her fingers touched something new

them. She poured some milk into a saucer for the mother cat.

Hemmie took the kittens to Grandmother. They snuggled together in her lap as if they felt safe and at home there.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Grandmother. "Dust storm's good for something, after all. Orphans of the storm, eh, Sally?"

It was Dodo who thought first of names. "What do you think, Hemmie? Let's call them Windy and Dusty."

Just then Sally came close and put her feet on Grandmother's chair. "Meow, meow," said she softly.

"Don't you hear Sally?" asked Hemmie. "She says, 'Please let me have my kittens, Windy and Dusty. I think they should eat now.'"

"Sally should have a bed for her family," said Grandmother. "It can stand in my room."

"So Jimmy brought a bushel basket from the basement, and an old sheep pelt he found in the lean-to. When Hemmie put the kittens in it, Sally jumped in, too. She curled up in it, and purred softly while Windy and Dusty took food from her strong body.

Hemmie wanted to stay in Grandmother's room, but Dodo called: "Time for your bath, Hemmie. Don't forget you're coated with dust. I'm clean as a whistle."

When Mother finished helping Hemmie bathe, she took a quick wash herself. Then back she went to the kitchen, clean and shining in her blue gingham dress, to take over where Dodo was ready to leave off.

In Grandmother's room Hemmie knelt beside the kittens' bed.

"Windy and Dusty, Windy and

Dusty," she said over and over, making a little song of the names.

Sally was through feeding her babies now. She began washing them all over with her tongue.

"Oh, Sally is washing the dust off her kitten," exclaimed Hemmie. Then, all at once, she yawned and Grandmother said: "See if Lucindy Ann is cleaned up for your birthday party."

Hemmie laughed and began dusting Lucindy Ann.

In a moment Mother called and Hemmie followed Grandmother to the dining room. She put the kittens' basket on the floor beside Daddy's place and set Lucindy Ann in one corner of it.

Daddy's face was red from the weather and from so much washing. But his hair was black and shiny and he was wearing his Sunday coat. He closed one eye in a big wink when he saw the basket.

"They're Sally's kittens, Daddy," explained Hemmie. "And we named them Windy and Dusty."

How Daddy laughed! But everybody was waiting, so he said grace and then

Daddy held the cake up close so Hemmie could blow out the candles



lifted the lid of the large baking dish!

"Oven dish supper, thanks to Aunt Selma," said Mother, smiling around the table.

When everyone had finished the main course, Mother said, "It's time for birthday gifts, Daddy," and there they were, hidden under his chair. A box of paints from Mother, a story book with lovely pictures from Dodo, and an apron with pockets from Grandmother.

The presents almost made Hemmie forget to eat. She wanted to show Daddy her new dress and to tell him all about the kittens, and she wanted to thank Jimmy for the new swing.

But Mother said, "Now that we're through with meat and vegetables, it's time for the surprise."

Dodo helped take the dishes out, and in a moment Mother brought the cake. She'd had to scrape off some of the frosting, where the dust had gotten into it, but of course no one would think of noticing that! It was still a beautiful cake, with colored letters that spelled "Helen Mae Stark." And nothing could spoil its six pink candles, all twinkling and shining.

"That's too big a cake for such a little girl," said Grandmother, but stopped to sing with Mother and the others: "*Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you!*"

Then Jimmy said, "Please blow out the candles and pass the cake!"

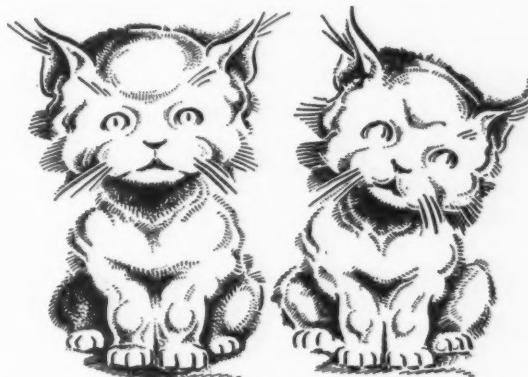
But Dodo whispered to Hemmie, "You must make a wish."

Hemmie didn't find it hard to blow out the six candles all in one blow, so the wish would come true, because Daddy held the cake close to her. He even helped her cut the cake, and she went around the table, holding it for each one

to take as large a piece as he wanted.

"Now the wish! Tell the wish," said Dodo.

But Hemmie went to where the kittens lay in their basket, and said: "I don't need to make a wish. Today is my birthday and I have Windy and Dusty."



A Safety-First Game

Helen Dornin Childs

First child: . . .

I'm the railroad crossing sign.

Second child:

I'm the ding-dong warning bell.

Third child:

I will be the choo-choo train
Going, just, pell-mell.

Fourth child:

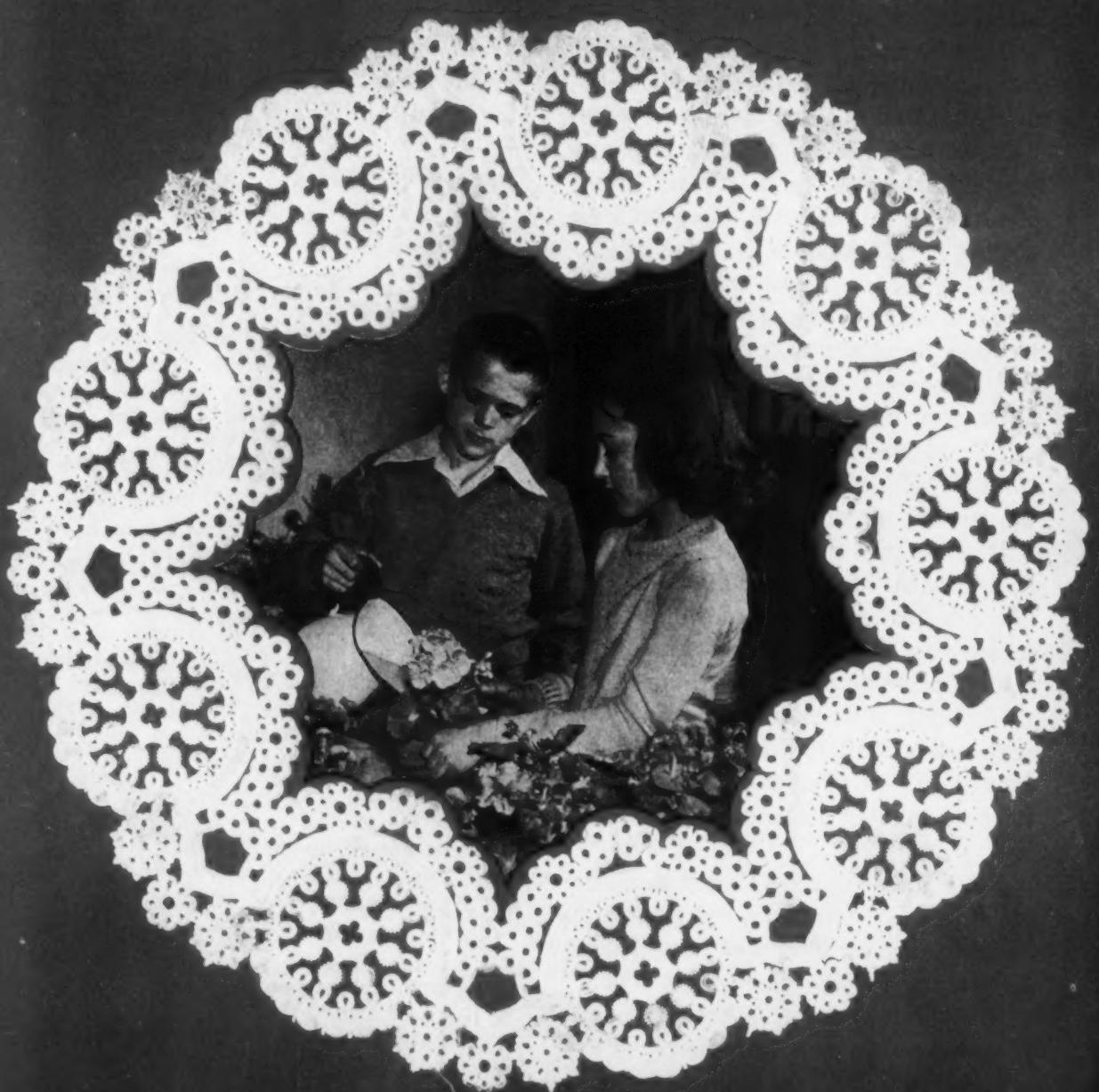
I will be the whistle,
On the engine, up ahead.

Fifth child:

I'll be the careful engineer,
With a cap upon my head.

Sixth child:

And I will drive my auto,
So carefully,—you'll see!
And do just as my Daddy does,
Now, just you look at me!
First, I see the crossing sign.
I'll STOP and LOOK and LISTEN!
And then I'll hear the ding-dong bell,
And see the headlight glisten.
And I will wait a long, long time,
Till the train is way, way past,
And, then, I'll drive my children home,
Safely, all, at last!



AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

CALENDAR of ACTIVITIES



APRIL PICNIC—"Look," says Mr. Frisky Squirrel to Mrs. Frisky Squirrel, "I'll bet those children belong to Junior Red Cross. You can tell by the way they are putting out their picnic fire before leaving." "You are right," replies Mrs. Frisky Squirrel, "just yesterday I saw some of them talking to our Forest Ranger. He was telling them that one spark might start a forest fire and destroy our homes and our food. I am so glad that people are being more careful with fire in the forest and woodlands."

1947

APRIL

1947

Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

DROWN YOUR CAMPFIRE; THEN, STIR AND DROWN IT AGAIN	1	2	3	4	5	
EASTER SUNDAY	7	8	9	10	11	12
Tomorrow is Pan-American Day See SOUTH AMERICAN CHILDREN Page 7, the News	13	14	15	16	17	18
TREES Prevent SMALL FIRES IN THE FIELD & COUNTRYSIDE FLOODS	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30

Ask your Junior
Red Hair-
man
Spons-
to Bill on
the District Fore-
ster.

A Party
"Juan
Paf-Keet"
Page 8, the News

Please, folks, be
extra careful this
year.
26
Remember,
ONLY
YOU
can prevent
Forest Fires.

AS OLD FARMER PFLEUGEL WOULD SAY
"DON'T BURN FIELDS ON A DRY, WINDY DAY!"
OLD MAN PFLEUGEL SHOULD KNOW
HE FOUND OUT IT WAS SO
AS THEY SHOVELED HIS FARMHOUSE AWAY.